Enter Montague, with Drum and Soldiers.

Mont. *Montague, Montague,* for *Lancaſter.* *Exit.*

Edw. Traiterous *Montague,* thou and thy brother
Shall deerely abide this rebellious acte.

Enter Clarence with Drum and Soldiors.

War. And loe where *George* of *Clarence* ſweepes along,
Of power enough to bid his brother battaile.

Cla. *Clarence, Clarence,* for *Lancaſter.*

Edw. *Et tu Brute,* wilt thou ſtab *Cæſar* too?
A parlie ſirra, to *George of Clarence.*

Sound a parlie, and Richard and Clarence whiſpers together, and then Clarence takes his red Roſe out of his Hat, & throwes it at Warwick

War. Come *Clarence,* come, thou wilt if *Warwicke* call.

Cla. Father of Warwicke, know you what this meanes?
I throw mine infamy at thee,
I will not ruinate my fathers houſe,
(Who gaue his blood to lime the ſtones together)
And ſet vp Lancaſter. Thinkeſt thou,
That Clarence is ſo harſh vnnaturall,
To lift his ſword againſt his brothers life,
And ſo proud hearted Warwicke I defie thee,
And to my brothers turne my bluſhing cheekes,
Pardon me *Edward,* for I haue done amiſſe,
And *Richard* do not frowne vpon me.
For henceforth I will proue no more vnconſtant.

Edw. Welcome *Clarence,* and ten times more welcome,
Then if thou neuer hadſt deſeru'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome good Clarence, this is brotherly.

War. Oh paſſing traitor, periur'd and vniuſt.

Edw. Now *Warwicke,* wilt thou leaue
The towne and fight? or ſhall we beate the
Stones about thine eares?

War. Why I am not coopt vp heere for defence,
I will away to *Barnet* preſently,

And

And bid thee battaile, *Edward* if thou dar'ſt.

Edw. Yes *Warwicke* he dares, and leades the way,
Lords to the field, Saint *George* and victory.

Exeunt omnes.

Alarmes, and then enter Warwicke wounded.

War. Ah, who is nie? Come to me friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, *Yorke* or *Warwicke*?
Why aske I that? my mangled body ſhewes,
That I muſt yeeld my body to the earth.
And by my fall the conqueſt to my foes,
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the axes edge,
Whoſe armes gaue ſhelter to the princely Eagle,
Vnder whoſe ſhade the rampant Lyon ſlept,
Whoſe top branch ouer-peerd *Ioues* ſpreading tree,
The wrinckles in my browes now fild with bloud,
Were likened oft to kingly ſepulchers.
For who liu'd king, but I could dig his graue?
And who durſt ſmile, when *Warwicke* bent his brow?
Loe now my glory ſmeard in duſt and blood,
My parkes, my walkes, my mannors that I had,
Euen now forſake me, and of all my Lands,
Is nothing left me but my bodies length.

Enter Oxford and Somerſet.

Oxf. Ah *Warwicke, Warwicke,* cheere vp thy ſelfe and liue,
For yet there's hope enough to win the day.
Our warlike Queene with troopes is come from *France,*
And at *South-hampton* landed all her traine,
And mightſt thou liue, then would we neuer flie.

War. Why then I would not flie, nor haue I now,
But *Hercules* himſelfe muſt yeeld to ods,
For many wounds receiu'd, and many more repaide,
Hath robd my ſtrong knit ſinewes of their ſtrength,
And ſpite of ſpites needs muſt I yeeld to death.

Som. Thy brother *Montague* hath breath'd his laſt,

And

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* *Henry VI. Parts 2&3* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.38) Octavo